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CONTROVERSY

A WEEKLY NEWS-MAGAZINE

Controversy Is What?

Gum Trees and Gumption

A Reluctant Sage

Lincoln Steffens

Politics and Finance

5 cents in Monterey County

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

Elsewhere 10 cents

Controversy Is What?

Newspapers and news-magazines as a rule aim to have the last word in discussions of ideas and events. They have a policy which they set forth on economic questions, political affairs, national and international events and local happenings. When they do admit participation by their readers in debate on matters of importance they edit and cull and cut and then relegate adverse comment to less prominent positions in their publications than they give to their own opinions.

CONTROVERSY does not intend to do this. In fact, it will refuse to do it. Those who have anything to say on any matter of general interest will be given in CONTROVERSY an opportunity to say it. That does not mean that there will be a "Letters to the Paper" section to be set aside for this purpose. It means that as much prominence will be given to your reply to any argument set forth in CONTROVERSY as has been given to the argument. It means that CONTROVERSY is your forum, to use as you please within the bounds of decency and fair dealing. No man or woman shall feel that an advantage is being taken of him or her in an attack on his or her policies or on his or her ideas or opinions. We have no advantage; we want no advantage. In a sense, without the responsibility entailed by a publication, you are equal editors with us in the production of CONTROVERSY.

This is to be considered literally, not figuratively. We mean every word of it, and we shall prove that we mean it.

For instance: Last week in the final issue of *Town Crier*, I, as an individual, expressed opinions in regard to the present agitation against the candidacy of Upton Sinclair for governor. Those were my personal opinions and in signing them I intended to brand them as such, and as nothing else. They had nothing whatever to do with my conduct of CONTROVERSY as its managing editor. They may stand, if you will, as the utterances of a man who doesn't know what he is talking about; more conoretely, as has been expressed to me, of one who has been away from his native state long enough to have lost touch with developments here. Perhaps and probably. I have no quarrel with anyone who holds that view. I shall welcome his writing it, and writing it in no mincing words. I shall gladly print what he writes and I shall give it space equal to that of the opinions he damns.

That, in a word, is to be the core, the principle, the spirit, the soul of CONTROVERSY. It is to apply not alone to state, national and world affairs, but to local happenings, to the events in Carmel and the Monterey peninsula, to the thoughts and ideas and acts of the people of this community.

And while we are commenting, and printing your comments, on these events, we shall endeavor to provide you with a weekly newspaper as well. We shall endeavor to give to Carmel a chronicle of what has happened here since our previous issue. We shall try to gather all the news and print it accurately and completely.

We shall try, and we shall succeed or quit, to keep from the columns of CONTROVERSY any fact or aspect of commercialism. No advertising shall in any manner dictate to us more than is within the borders of that advertising. There shall be no current guiding us for material gain; no barrier great enough to prevent us from pursuing our course.

On the next page you will find statistics regarding CONTROVERSY as it is possible to print them at this time. You will find the names of the contributing editors. In that list you will find persons of as many varying opinions as the varying shades of their hair and the varying quantity thereof. You will find conservative and radical, Democrat, Republican, Socialist and Communist; poet and peasant, economist and visionary, priest, as it were, and layman; the impulsive and the sure of foot, the esthete and the practical—perhaps, as you and you and you may look at it, the sane and the silly, but what makes the world go around and Roman holidays and horse races and will make a delightful CONTROVERSY is that you and you and you do not divide the sane and the silly alike.

—W. K. B.

Five Years Ago

Five years ago, on October 24, 1929, the stock market crashed.

Five years ago the Republican party insured its defeat by refusing to admit that our financial system was unsound.

Five years ago the Democrats insured themselves of victory by announcing a new deal.

On October 24, 1934, exactly five years later to the day, President Roosevelt received the surrender of the financial system at the Bankers' convention.

Is this prophetic? Will this be a pyrrhic victory to be followed by Waterloo and Elba?

—H. L. M.

Gum Trees and Gumption

Some 56 towering eucalyptus trees on Fourth street are being cut. Five of them are to be removed entirely; 51 are to be sheared off five or six feet from the base,

It is being done by order of the Carmel city council. I was very much heated up about it at first, but I have talked with Councilman John Catlin and now I am resigned. When it comes to a mattter of Carmel interest, especially a matter of Carmel trees and the preservation of Carmel beauty, whatever John Catlin believes should be done I am resigned to and shall continue to be resigned to.

I have known John Catlin for a number of years. I have known him long enough to know that what he says with his lips he means with his heart. That may be sentiment, but it is not sentimentality. About those eucalyptus trees he says this:

When the sewer was laid down Fourth street sometime ago, five of those trees were seriously hurt, necessarily, by the severing of their roots. These five now constitute a menace to the safety of anyone walking or driving down that streeet. They lift bows of great resistance to a wind, and the right, or wrong, kind of wind will send them down. And a falling tree, you know, is no respecter of what or who lies in the path of its fall. The other 51 trees are not such menaces to the life and limb of human beings, but a eucalyptus tree lets go a branch now and then without warning, especially if it has reached the age and stature of those on Fourth street. But not being as dangerous as the five with injured footholds, they are not to be treated in the same manner. They are to be cut off at the height of a man's head and from that they willl again send up their arms to renew their friendship with the sky. So, if you are acquainted with the ways of eucalyptus trees, you will know that within the next six or seven years they will again become nearly the delight they are today in the matter of decoration. In the meantime they will be throwing new and greener arms above their heads.

That's what John Catlin says and for me that is enough.

With some people this thing of saving trees is a complex and a complex with not much reasoning mixed up with the dough of it.

—W. K. B.

Edward Kuster Turns The Playhouse Over To Administrator

The Playhouse on Lincoln street has been turned over by Edward Kuster to Col. Harold L. Mack, a director of the Community Players, as trustee and administrator. In turn, Colonel Mack has given the Community Players the use of the theater for their schedule of dramatic offerings, but will also make the building available to any other organization whose purposes are such as to enhance the value of the theater as a community center.

It is understood that Kuster has attached no strings to his action, but that he has turned the theater over to be used as Colonel Mack may judge advisable to further the purpose which, in truth, has motivated Kuster in all his dramatic activities in Carmel.

The Community Players will now have the unlimited opportunity to provide interesting and adequate dramatic entertainment for the community. They are starting the new deal with the production of "Sunday," Martin Flavin's latest play, on November 28 and the three nights following. Byington Ford is directing the cast which is headed by Beatrice Holtby.

Chief Leidig Quells Row Among Firemen

Internal strife broke into flame in no less an appropriate place than the Carmel Fire Department last week. It reached a climax with a meeting of the firemen Thursday evening. That the meeting was illegally called was overlooked by Chief Bob Leidig, when notified of the gathering over the telephone, and he agreed to be there. He was, and he listened to complaints that centered about the activities of Manuel Pereira who fell a victim a few days previous to the fists of Fred Ammerman. Ammerman, it is to be remembered, was sent to jail for five days by the Daniel who has come to judgment here—George L. Wood.

It was to some extent about this matter that the firemen gathered themselves together. One of them declared that the Ammerman-Pereira affair should have been kept within the sacred precincts of fire department walls. In fact, one of the fire-fighters is said to have declared: "I don't like the way Manuel talks; I would have hit him myself." It should here be remarked that Manuel was not in attendance on the meeting because no invitation had been sent to him.

Further, the discussion revolved around the charge that Pereira was exceeding his authority in the conduct of lessons he was giving to firemen at drill meetings.

In a quite serious and conscientious manner, which is characteristic of him, Chief Leidig poured oil on the troubled waters and agreed that hereafter duly constituted officers of the department would handle the lessons.

Councilman Bob Norton, fire commissioner, was there, but remained silent.

The intent of the meeting, said to have been the determination to demand the firing of Pereira, finally petered out and temporary peace reigns.

W. B. Albertson, superintendent of construction on the San Simeon highway job, and Miss Frances King, who formerly conducted a book shop in Carmel, were married Sunday. They will make their home in Carmel. Mrs. Albertson was associated with Miss Jule Van Vleck in the book shop on Dolores street.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Miller of Hermosa Beach were in Carmel over the weekend visiting Mrs. Miller's father, D. H. Staniford, and Mrs. Staniford.

CONTROVERSY

A weekly news-magazine published every Thursday at Seventh and San Carlos streets, Carmel, California, by the Controversy Publishing Company.

Designed to provide the people of Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach with news of their communities and to serve as an open forum for the discussion of local, state, national and international events and ideas.

Selling for 5 cents a copy on the newsstands and by mail $1 for six months in Monterey County; 10 cents a copy and $2 for six months by mail elsewhere.

Advertising rates on application.

The telephone number is Carmel 14.

Post Office Box 1300.

W. K. Bassett — Managing Editor

Contributors—

Harold L. Mack, Lucile Gardner, Lincoln Steffens, E. A. H. Watson, Ella Winter, Marie de L. Welch, Dorothea Castelhun, Langston Hughes, Paul C. Smith, W. L. Overstreet, Patricia Collier, Jeanne Pirenne, Henry Dickinson, Martin Flavin, Tillie Lerner, Ann Craton

Col. Hammond To Show Thrilling Adventure Pictures in Carmel

A "Round the World" club for children will be organized Saturday afternoon at the Denny-Watrous gallery by Major Claude Hammond, world traveler, explorer and big game hunter, after the showing of adventure pictures. The nominal charge of 10 cents to the children for entrance to the adventure picture showing will entitle each child to membership in the club, chapters of which have been inaugurated by Major Hammond in many parts of the country.

Major Hammond will appear in person at adventure film programs to be sponsored by the Denny-Watrous gallery Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings. He will tell of the photographing of the films which he will show. The feature film will be "Zane Grey Himself in South Sea Adventures." Major Hammond accompanied Zane Grey on these adventures and himself superintended the taking of the picture.

Major Hammond, after a strenuous life which has taken him into all the dark places of the world and through perilous adventures of his own, has retired from active connection with the film world and is now making his home in Pacific Grove. He will be in charge of regular week-end programs of adventure films to be shown at the Denny-Watrous gallery every two weeks during the winter.

His hair-breadth escapes from harm during his conscientious labors behind a film camera are told by him in a graphic manner and the programs he presents are replete with interest and wonder.

Merriam Precinct Workers Organized

Merriam-for-Governor workers met Monday at headquarters on Dolores street and made plans for canvassing the various precincts in Carmel before the election. Mrs. Daisy Taylor was named chairman of the general committee for this purpose and precinct chairmen were named as follows:

Mrs. Herbert Cerwin, Mrs. Ethel Young, Talbert Josselyn, John Jordan, Winsor Josselyn, W. L. Overstreet and Barnet Segal.

According to Winsor Josselyn, who is ably and quite ubiquitously handling the Merriam publicity, the precinct workers contemplate difficult work in the factory and slum districts.

Cossack Chorus Here Monday Night

Thirty-six Russians, with "En Voyage" written in their passports by the League of Nations as men without a country, will stand on the stage of the Sunset School Auditorium Monday night and sing as only the Don Cossacks can sing in the opening attraction of the Carmel Music Society Winter Artist Series.

Serge Jaroff, conductor, stands before his men without baton, and without giving them a note he inspires them to outbursts of song that are electrifying. His diminutive stature alongside the Cossack giants makes his inner power all the more felt. There is, in fact, a dramatic terror in it, as at his command the chorus descends to almost incredible depths with its basses, or the diminuendo of the voices effortlessly sinks into far-off bells.

The first part of the program will be given up to songs of the Greek Orthodox Church: "Credo," "We Sing to Thee," "Psalm of David," "Have Mercy on us O God," where there is long sustained counter-bass against delicate tenor falsettos, and antiphonal response, all with that accuracy of pitch that has grown out of the fact that the Greek Church allows no musical instrument, not even an organ, in its ritual.

Then will follow a chorus from Glinka's Opera, "The Life of the Tsar," where men's chorus and women's sing alternately, joining in a mighty Finale. The "Volga Boat Song," a collection of Russian peasant songs, gay, sentimental, sardonic in turn, gypsy folk song and Cossack war songs will complete the program.

In the Cossack war songs, which are interspersed with cat-calls, whistling, stamping and dancing, the chorus works itself up into a state of "almost hysteria", carrying the audience along with it.

Carmel Music Society Announces Programs

Its eighth annual winter artist series will be inaugurated by the Carmel Music Society with the appearance of the Don Cossack Chorus of 36 voices next Monday evening at the Sunset School Auditorium. This concert will be a music event of rare charm and interest. The Russian aggregation has made a sensation with every appearance in various parts of the world and the Carmel Music Society has been fortunate in obtaining a booking for this unusual concert.

The second offering of the winter series is the recital of Josef Hofmann Saturday, February 2. Hofmann maintains his place as one of the very few great pianists of the world.

Stravinsky and Dushkin appear here in joint recital Saturday, February 6. Igor Stravinsky, composer pianist, is the most impressive name in contemporary music, and Samuel Dushkin ranks among the great violinists of the day.

The Budapest String Quartet, one of the outstanding ensembles of the period, will be heard in concert here Saturday, March 23.

The Carmel Music Society is dependent upon four types of subscription for its support and continued concert series. These memberships are as follows:

Season ticket membership, $8 or $6, according to location of seat.

Contributing membership, $25. This entitles the holder to one season ticket. The balance of the amount is subsidy.

Patron membership, $100. This entitles the holder to two season tickets. The generosity of the donor in giving in excess of the cost of the tickets, guarantees the concert expense which cannot be met by the sale of tickets alone.

Associate membership, $2. This carries with it no admission to concerts. It signifies the interest and cooperation of the member and contributes toward the maintenance of the society.

Subscriptions may be made, or further information obtained, by addressing the Carmel Music Society, Box 1144, Carmel.

Gunderson Rehearsing "Yeoman of the Guard"

Arthur Gunderson is holding rehearsals for his fourth Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard", considered by the composer and author to be the finest of their work. It certainly is the funniest, with Gordon Knowles as the jester and Robert Bratt, a newly-discovered comedian, playing the part of the dismal jailer. Anna Marie Baer evokes tears and laughter in the part of Phœbe, the jilted maiden.

This should be the best of Gunderson's productions as many in the cast have been in all the operas directed by him. Although the opening night is two weeks away, the singing chorus is now flawless. The cast, members of the Peninsula Opera Association, has been singing the catchy songs from "The Yeomen of the Guard" for nearly a year.

Set in the 16th. Century in Merrie England, the opera takes place before a prison which houses those guilty of sorcery and other medieval crimes. Into this scene come the strolling players who wander from fair to fair. "Jack Point", Gordon Knowles, though he loves his companion, "Elsie Maynard", played by Frances Harper Schrieman, allows the girl to be married for the sake of 100 crowns, to the condemned Colonel Fairfax. In an hour the handsome soldier of fortune is to die for dealings with the devil and the girl will regain her liberty. But Phœbe obtains the key to his cell from the dismal jailer, who loves her. After freeing the man whom she loves, who is married to the strolling singer, Phœbe is discovered and must marry the jailer for plotting the escape of Fairfax.

Principal singers in the opera are Gordon Knowles, Anna Marie Baer, Robert Bratt, Frances Harper Schrieman, Elton Connor, Joseph Clague, Dorothy Greene, J. Rosslyn Jones, Ethel Ervine, Verne Williams and Jim McAlpine.

"The Yeomen of the Guard" will be presented November 8, 9, 10 and 11 at The Playhouse in Carmel.

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THE STOCK MARKET

It is vitally necessary that investors and speculators take cognizance of the probable changes that will take place in stock market fluctuations as a result of the passing of the new Stock Exchange bill. One of the first and most important points to be taken into consideration is a changed time element which will have its permanent effect on fluctuations. If one has the ability logically to judge effects from causes in advance of their actual accomplishment, one has the makings of a successful speculator; but even if you have these fundamentals it is probable that the habits of a lifetime will warp your judgment.

If you have ever gone duck shooting you know how important it is to judge the speed of the bird and the speed of your bullets in order to bring down the game. If suddenly, after years of shooting, you found that the ducks had changed their flying speed and the bullets only travelled half as fast as formerly, you would have to change your aim and alter your timing if you desired to bring home any game as a bribe to your wife for letting you off for the night. The first thing, therefore, for the investor and speculator to do is to recognize the fact that stock market fluctations have definitely slowed up and flattened out. The fluctuations of stock before the passage of the bill might be likened to a man taking a trip to New York, but who instead of going in a straight line, moved north and south, doubled back on his trail, taking a train one day, walking the next, then flying in the clouds and crashing to the earth, before arriving at his destination.

All stocks have a destination, but the destination is not always easy to discover. Pools, rumors, false information, unindependent buying, borrowing for delivery, wash sales, all tended to make stocks move temporarily in directions frequently exactly opposite to the direction of their ultimate destination. I know many a stock headed for receivership and receivership prices that sky-rocketed up a few days before the undertaker grabbed it.

Not so today. A stock is either headed upward on real merit and sound prospects, or downward on lack of merit or unfavorable prospects. Its minor gyrations are bound to be far less violent than before. Investment demand will be a far more potent factor in controlling price movements than previously. While it is true that investment demand was always the controlling factor in directing the ultimate destination of any security, because of the violence of the intermediate gyrations caused by artificial stimulation, the ultimate destination became entirely lost sight of, or was not even looked for, in the effort to make money by pure gambling.

Inasmuch as the stock market activities of those in control of a company are now more or less public property, and also that it is now a law that all companies must publish regular and comprehensive statements, an insider can no longer take advantage of his foreknowledge to create a temporary bull market in order to sell out as favorably as possible.

Stocks will be bought and sold from now on for the only reasons they should have been bought or sold—namely:

(1) Their investment return in dividends.

(2) Their future possibilities.

(3) Their value for control.

No fair-minded person can regret the prohibition of many of the practices that made the unwary think they were making a solid investment when in reality the company was nothing but a hollow shell. Corporations do not change their dividends overnight. There is generally plenty of previous evidence that their business has either been improving or getting worse. Business cycles are generally of fairly long duration and do not change without previous warning.

I believe that sound stocks are slowly heading toward higher prices. Because of the slowing down of price changes, due to the causes outlined above, one may be deceived in thinking that the market is at a standstill. I see every evidence, however, of the accumulation at gradually higher prices of the stocks of those corporations who have proven their worth during the trying times of the past few years. The policy of the administration in keeping what are known as "borderline" businesses and industries from collapsing will work to increase the profits of those corporations that are economically and efficiently operated. The large amount of money on deposit in the banks is bound to cause people to look to stocks for dividend returns at increasing prices. Sooner or later an increase in the permanent supply of the currency is inevitable. This will also have its effect on stock market prices, although not to the extent that many people think. Inflation of the German variety is impossible in this country. We do need a larger amount of permanent currency, and a lesser amount of government debt, but as long as we have an ample supply of raw materials and the machinery and men to convert them into useful goods, any reasonable increase in the amount of permanent money would only be a reflection of these goods and services in the form of buying power and cannot help but do a great deal of good. Devaluing gold and remonetizing silver is just so much waste of effort for the small amount of good it does the mining industry, unless the increased amount of currency the new values of these metals creates is allowed to circulate actively as a regular proportion of our permanent currency supply.

In succeeding articles I shall outline some of the plans by which this increased currency supply can be scientifically regulated so that it will control prices and production, increase consumption and do what money is supposed to do, aid distribution or not retard it.

—H. L. M.

Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, Mrs. George Blackman, Mrs. Olive Earle and Miss Rachel Hiller left for Yosemite to spend the rest of the week.

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SHEER GOSSIP

Rom Landau, author of "Paderewski," writer and Londoner, came to Carmel from London to interview Krishnamurti. He is writing a book on illegitimate philosophies, meaning such as the systems of Keyserling, Gourdjeff, Jeffries and others. He spent a week at Highlands Inn, having long talks to the Indian Sage, and then returned to England.

Ben Leham, English professor at Berkeley, drove to Carmel for the Blinder concert with Miss Betty Alexander, musician. Both stayed at Noel Sullivan's cottage. Mr. Sullivan gave a dinner in their honor at which Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short and Mr. Ficke, musician, were guests. Mrs. Robinson Jeffers joined the party for the concert.

Martin Flavin flew to Chicago last week for a business conference. At Sacramento his plane was forced down and he had to drive over the Sierras as far as Reno by bus. On the way home he stopped at Hollywood where he was asked to do the movie treatment of two plays, one a Russian one.

Gloria Stuart, who was to have impersonated *Hermia* in Max Reinhart's production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," endorsed Old Gold cigarettes in a quarter page ad in the San Francisco *News* instead. The former assistant editor of the *Carmelite* looked very fetching.

Sam Darcy, Communist candidate for Governor of California, was a visitor in Carmel this week.

Robert Minor, world famous cartoonist, journalist and lecturer, is to speak in Salinas at Moose Hall next Sunday night at 8 p.m. on "Some Illusions concerning Upton Sinclair." Minor, one of the early defenders of Tom Mooney, will explain the Communist Party platform.

Anita Loos and her husband, John Emerson, were recent callers at the home of Helen Ware and Frederic Burt.

Dick Hyland, Stanford All-American football star, sports writer and husband of Adela Rogers St John, recently spent a night in Carmel, bringing news to Lincoln Steffens of his friend Jo Davidson, American sculptor. Hyland had just returned from Paris and England where he reported the English-Australian cricket matches.

Paul C. Smith one of our contributors, has gone to Washington for a month. He is reporting his findings to the financial page of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Mrs. Beatrice Kinkead, well-known in Carmel, is at present in Moscow which she reports is a hundred percent better off than it was a year ago. Abe Mellinkoff, late Editor of the Stanford *Daily*, has also gone to Russia on an assignment to report for the Hearst King Features Inc.

Louis Stark, labor editor of the *New York Times;* George West, editorial writer of the San Francisco *News*, and Bill Dunne, writer for the *Daily Worker*, spent last weekend in Carmel resting from their labors in reporting the annual A. F. of L. convention in San Francisco. They took part in a lively three-cornered debate on the future of labor at the Steffens home.

Anne Dare and Peter Davies have returned to Carmel after a two year absence.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gillingham have almost finished the small wooden house they are building on the Point with their own hands.

Langston Hughes is in the Sierras, buried in a far-away mountain resort writing, his long deferred book on Soviet Central Asia.

The Misses Kleinschmidt have returned from a three months' trip in Oregon and are back in their home.

Noel Sullivan has gone to Los Angeles for a week where he will call on his friends in the movie world, Ramon Novarro, James Cagney, Mercedes D'Acosta and others.

Allen Griffin is busy being polite to his political enemies.

Robert Cantwell, literary editor of the *New Republic*, book reviewer for *New Outlook*, and well-known author ("Laugh and Lie Down," "The Land of Plenty") has started east by car with his wife and baby, to collect the rest of the material needed to finish his life of E. A. Filene which he has been busy on in Carmel this summer. Mr. Cantwell is expected back early in the New Year.

Webb Waldron, author and journalist, spent a day in Carmel on his tour of the States on assignment from the magazine *Today*, *Delineator* and the *American Magazine*. He was seeking information on Upton Sinclair.

Stanley Wood, Carmel painter who has made good in the nation, has left Key West for New York where he is getting a new painting assignment from the magazine *Fortune*, whose associate painter he is.

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TRIFLINGS

Seems somebody would do well in the bail bond brokerage business around here. Last week I was chagrined over the arrest of one of my best materialers for speeding, reckless driving, having no tail-light, ignoring an officer (dear, dear), parting hair on wrong side of head, and other offenses too numerous to mention. That was bad—but this week—badder and more of it! Three of my pets ran amuck down the coast—with themselves and with the law. Went for an innocent (should know better) airing and were stopped by a ditch and some fresh mud. During the attendant confusion some official aid was tendered—in the form of three fresh crisp citations for what-not.

Hap Hasty, Dick Catlett and Stu Marble motored down the Coast yesterday.

My, my! Looks like we'll be having a new Special Delivery Letter salesman before long. Was she mortified—was mortified! ? * $ œ ! Seems like Dale Leidig was calling on the light of his life the other night, when the light was short-circuited by some rude person at the door. There stood—the nasty man—our dauntless quick-mail-man with a hurry-up letter for the young lady postmarked *Stanford University* (and it wasn't dainty hand-writing!)

There's a quite high-type polka-dot bathrobe in a certain high-type hotel bathroom in Hollywood waiting to be called for by a lad in high-type hotel business in Carmel. Who says we don't get around?

Dick and Don Thompson spent last weekend in town visiting their parents. Don is employed in San Francisco now and is attending school at Menlo. While here, the boys rounded up Stu Marhle and Johnny Nye and nominated themselves an alumni committee—attending the Freshman reception at the Monterey High School. Stu's little brother escorted Dick's little sister to the affair—so Dick and Stu chaperoned them. (It's rumored that the chaperones did more wolfing than their charges!)

Carmel Committee meeting at Del Monte last week-end: Betty Carr, Faith Ball, Gretchen Gorton (visitors); Dave Davis (again), George Aucort, Bobbie Smith, Fran Conlan and a nice Mr. Hall from New York. (Swell general host, I hear).

Dave Davis' highlight of the week was a horseback ride in the rain with Dewey Clough Sunday morning. Dewey taking a vacation from his fishing trip.

New pastime these weary winter evenings: playing bridge and popping popcorn. This statement actually verified by Willy Claywell. Anybody around town who happens to be available makes up the third and fourth at the game, so hang around the pharmacy if you're looking for some excitement (?).

Mr. and Mrs. Whit Waldegrave drove up to Palo Alto Monday evening to see Kathleen Norris in "Sun-Up". Enjoyed the evening very much, but Whit had to be back in Carmel at 7:30 Tuesday morning. (Too bad—that fast driving is tough when you're tired!)

Notice to the unemployed: Anyone desiring odd-jobbies report to Bill Staniford who's going to get his truck painted or bust! Doesn't matter how little time you have—he'll assign you to a back fender or even a hub cap. If it's home-work you want there's some just too divine bottle-stands that need touching up.

Ed Files and Bill Staniford atttended the football game at San Francisco (who else, Pat?) last Saturday. They made a very hurried trip—dashed up Saturday morning and right back Sunday night! I understand from Doc that the boys will attend this week's game by the radio in the store.

Which reminds me—I shall don a red and white outfit and attend my own radio and I could use some company at my party. Come on down!

Just found out who the two "cute" kids were who prowled around my house last Friday night and knocked the woodpile down! Congratulations, *pals*, you did a fine job. I really was scared! (But you shouldn't have done any talking around the corner of the house next door) It was sweet of you to think of me. Drop around again sometime!

I'm seriously thinking of going into the Prowler Business myself. Business seems to be picking up around my neighborhood. Wednesday night's catch was really the ultimate. Are we elated? Somebody actually did climb in a window, but was stopped climbing out by Charlie Guth. I knew if I did enough hollering *somebody'd* actually do *something* naughty! Too bad—he's in the calaboose—and now I haven't anything to look forward to tonight!

Hints to Los Lobos—have your family move up the valley and you won't have to go home for two or three nights in a row. Too dangerous—driving up that dark road late at night alone.

Weather report—Tops are down again. (Full moon).

Where's Elmer? In Whitney's of course!!!

Note to Charlie Guth: If you want some fun with the local yokels, drive up and down the main street of Salinas this Saturday night about 12:30. You will catch all the Carmel Jekyll and Hydes.

It's no use my trying to write any more. My new editor's dangling that famous ball of rope—the deadline—under my nose. Take it away, Mr. Bassett!

—P. C.

Louis Byington Talks For Governor Merriam

Louis Byington, former district attorney of San Francisco, address a Merriam-for-Governor meeting at the Denny-Watrous gallery last Friday night. A good-sized audience heard the speaker condemn Upton Sinclair as "not a Democrat, but a socialist with communist leanings" and urge the election of Merriam to save California from the menace of social revolution. Mr. Byington declared that Sinclair's writings and his statements brand him as not alone an enemy of American standards and American ideals, but an advocate of the Soviet form of government as in Russia today. The speaker said that if voters of California realized the danger in the election of Sinclair the Democratic party candidate would not receive a vote throughout the state in November.

John Jordan was chairman of the meeting. On the platform with him were Mayor James H. Thoburn of Carmel, Argyll Campbell, Carmel Martin and Councilman John Catlin. Each made brief remarks. Councilman Catlin introduced the speaker of the evening.

Fenton Foster's Glee Club rendered four selections.

A Reluctant Sage

For a number of weeks Jeddo Krishnamurti, Indian disciple and teacher, has been interesting Carmel with his philosophy. Slim, lithe, graceful, with the black hair and brilliant white teeth of many Hindus, he dominates gatherings of 20 to 70 people each week or two at Peter Pan Lodge, slowly trying to understand the troubles of his audience and meet their intellectual and spiritual problems. He does not make speeches. He sits at one end of the room, his white shirt informally open at the neck, and lets his audience ask questions. He tries to answer them. Some of them are unanswerable.

Krishnamurti was orginally destined for theosophy. Mrs. Annie Besant, world teacher of this religian, and Charles Readbitter selected him as a child to be the new Vessel of Christ; adopted him, taught and trained him. He travelled over the world with them. Two orders, the Order of the Star and of The Star in the east were founded for Krishnamurti, gifts and wealth were showered on the young teacher, and he was given a palace in Holland where the Order could meet, meditate and learn.

But something happened. Krishnamurti saw some truth he had not heretofore considered; suddenly he turned his back on his benefactors; on the theosophy; on material wealth, palaces, organised religion. He gave up everything; the two orders were dissolved; and henceforward this young man—he is only 36 today—lived in semi-isolation, recently in the Ojai Valley in Southern California—suffering all to come to him and ask questions.

It is not easy to state what this young Hindu wishes to convey; for more than teach, he seems to wish to open people's minds to "see" their own way of life—the way of life they are living—rather than to give them his new one, if any. He draws them out. He gives them a friendly and interested attention, as they flounder through statements of their beliefs. He does not answer them. Two things only he knows he is against—definitely, unequivocally and passionately against—exploitation and acquisitiveness. He hates with the fervour of one who has seen millions of his people in misery, rags and disease, a system that makes it possible for the rich and privileged to keep these millions in ignorance, filth and poverty. He hates it so that he cannot bear to speak of it. But in seeking a remedy he fell into one of the evils he has learned to dread: the power of organised religion.

He reacted to this in a natural way: he thinks it is power he hates. He seems to mean the power to do evil—to abuse—to exploit. But he says, no—just power.

He has endeavored to interpret in the mental and spiritual field the acquisitiveness he sees and hates in the material field. Thus, you must not seek security; you must not seek shelters for the mind; neither by "escapes" nor by building ramparts of habit, "experience," background memory, thought-systems which may turn into nothing but thought-savers. You must not try to protect yourself from meeting life freely, unhampered by any luggage whatsoever. "You must not carry Monday into Tuesday" is his picturesque way of phrasing it.

"To seek security means fear, insufficiency," he says. "To seek security for yourself is to destroy it for others." And he means rigidity of ideas as well as material security. "You cannot understand or develop through escapes."

"When you are self-protective you must be cruel to someone else."

He seems to have a tendency to throw out the baby with the bath. He hates the power that suppresses freedom, and so he hates power. He hates systems that prevent others from thinking, and therefore hates all systems. As an Indian, bred in the Indian environment, though he considers himself one of the few people who have evaluated and understood his background, and so thrown its infuence off—he hates background, all background, and believes we should endeavour to free ourselves from its influence. Essentially he denies necessity of the existence of a "socialized" human being—a person who is what he is through environment, training, class and group associations.

Yet he says also: "You can only be free of background by doubting, by being in revolt—a rebel."

An interesting phenomenon in Carmel has been that almost all Krishnamurti's hearers agree with what he says but, disagree on what it is he says. Get six reports and you will get six different interpretations. "He believes in action." "He believes in thought only." "He believes we must not influence others." "He believes that our very existence is an influence on others." "He believes in abstract thought." "He believes in no thought-system."

Whatever you learn from Krishnamurti, or do not learn, the experience is an attractive intellectual and mental stimulus. But he counsels you to throw away experience.

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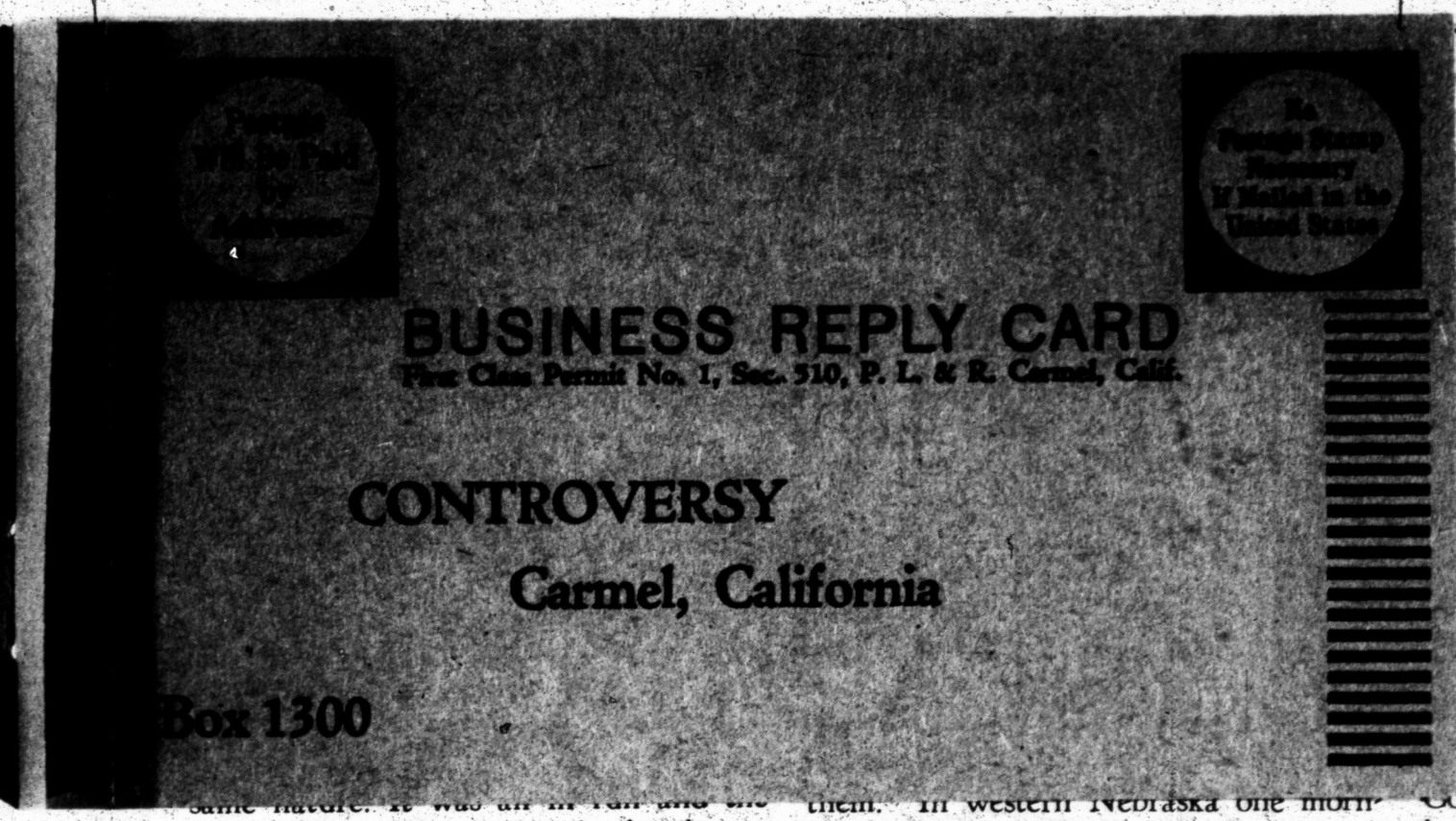
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CONTROVERSY
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REAL ESTATE RENTALS INSURANCE
Telephone Carmel 66

CONTROVERSY
Carmel, California

*$1 for 6 months

Gentlemen:

Please send CONTROVERSY

to _____

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Signed _____

* Check will be sent upon receipt of bill.

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CAUSTICISMS

Louis Byington was entertained by an extended passage of Carmel wit and humor Friday night as he sat on the platform at the Denny-Watrous gallery awaiting the signal for his anti-Sinclair speech.

John Jordan, chairman of the evening, started it. John arose to declare himself much ashamed that he was forced to sit on the same platform, to say nothing of having to introduce, such black Democrats as Argyll Campbell and Carmel Martin. Argyll and Martin came back at him with "heated" remarks of the same nature. It was all in fun and the audience gave the actors the laughs required.

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Our reporter in the district well-prowled informs us on his special copy paper that the trouble has not been cleared up despite the events of last week. He says prowling is still going on in a distressingly professional manner. He's only a part-time man and he didn't express any suspicions. We can't expect anything more from him until next week.

Did it ever occur to anybody that following an utterly dumb person around might someday result in the capture of a great truth from his lips. You know, a clock that won't go is right twice a day.

On my journey by automobile from Providence, R.I., I passed through twelve states and a part of Canada. In every state I passed cars bearing California license plates. As far east as Nebraska the California licenses prevailed in the open country, prevailed, actually, over the licenses of the state in which I saw them. In western Nebraska one morning I checked on the first 22 cars I passed. Fifteen of them bore California licenses. This increased as I approached the California line until it really became ridiculous. And these cars were all travelling *away* from California.

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MAYBE YOU MISSED THESE

General Alexander von Kluck, German army commander, whose retreat from the borders of Paris in 1914 was prompted to some extent by the frenzied onslaught of Parisian taxi-cab drivers, died in Berlin Saturday.

The fifty-first triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church decided Saturday after a heated battle in Atlantic City to retain the word "protestant" in is name. "High church" lost, but only by a small margin.

Four Californians, a woman and three men, living in Los Angeles, Scramento and San Francisco, have offered themselves to Dr. Robert E. Cornish of the University of California for his experiments in resuscitation after death.

San Francisco now contends that her population is somewhere around 782,000, based on the total registration for the November election. If true that would bring her within striking distance of Boston's aggregate of souls.

In the *Literary Digest's* poll of 65,000 ballots, 17 states are recorded as having decided Roosevelt's New Deal isn't so hot.

The American Bridge team retains the Schwab cup by defeating British challengers 91,305 to 88,050.

Retroactive pay raise checks, dating back to September, 1933, are being distributed to 1,000 workers in the Richmond plant by the Standard Oil Company.

Kathleen Norris who, you may have heard, writes an occasional book, made a big hit as an actress in Lula Vollmer's "Sun-Up" at the Civic Theater, Palo Alto last Thursday night.

Dartmouth has won all her football games so far this season. Which means that when she plays Yale the Eli team will win or get a draw.

Kay Francis has been vaccinated.

The *Examiner* had something about Marion Davies Sunday.

You can, or you could last Sunday, buy gasoline in Camden, N. J., for eight cents a gallon, including tax.

The *Physical Review* of Boston announces a discovery that will make radium out of common table salt.

Dr. Barnum Brown, New York scientist, who discovered the skeletons of 12 dinosaurs in Wyoming is being sued for $25,000 by the owner of the land which he dug up to find them.

In the determination to prevent a "new Barbary Coast" springing up around Geary street, the San Francisco chief of police has ordered the "no drinks" sign up in night clubs at 1 a.m.

In Kenosha, Kan., parishioners picketed their church with banners protesting against the transfer of their pastor.

Dr. Robert B. Osgood, emeritus professor at Harvard, says that in Massachusetts rheumatism causes more disabilities than cancer, tuberculosis and heart disease combined.

Imported Scotch whiskey is selling for 90 cents "a fifth" in the state of Washington on price adjustments ordered by the state liquor control board. Wine is $1 a gallon.

New York professional models are protesting against the showing of fashions with society girls and debutantes as mannikins. Gertrude Mayer, Fifth avenue model mentor, says: "They don't know how to do justice to the garments they are showing. They don't know how to walk. They have no balance. They don't know what to do with their hands. They don't know how to lift their clothes and show them off properly."

Katharine Hepburn is having a hard time deciding whether or not she will accept $100,000 to do "Private Worlds" for Walter Wanger.

Grace Moore, Hollywood, has received a fan-postcard measuring six feet long and three feet wide.

Milk has been selling for four cents a quart in San Francisco for the past few days.

Mme. Jutta Belle-Ranske, writer, actress, musician and friend of young people struggling in the arts, died Sunday in San Francisco. She was 75 years old.

The Portuguese cabinet resigned Monday.

George "Baby Face" Nelson is now "Public Enemy No. 1."

Washington discovers that $40,000,000 in gold has disappeared from the United States since the inauguration of the stabilization fund on April 27.

Dr. Millard Klein, administrator of sugar control for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, has opened offices in the Montery post office building. Dr. Klein was formerly special investigator for the Federal Land Bank with headquarters in Berkeley. He recently returned from Washington, D. C. He and Mrs. Klein are making their home in Carmel.

Elect
FRANK OYER
CONSTABLE
Monterey Township

ELECT
ANTHONY BRAZIL
DISTRICT ATTORNEY, MONTEREY COUNTY
Eight years experience as a practicing attorney
IMPARTIAL ABLE INDUSTRIOUS

AS IT ISN'T

Butterflies are multitudinous this flowering fall, and when you remember what they mean to humans, the sight of them filling the air, sets the mind aflutter with harmless illusions.

Speaking of resurrection and the life, there is this new weekly with an old editor, who probably has ideas of his own. He always had, and he could say them in his own way. So could we, his staff. And one of our ideas is that there is room for ideas. Since Bassett left Carmel, there have been from seven to eleven papers—dailies, weeklies and occasionals, on this Peninsular, most of them founded upon the opposite theory: that there is room at the bottom. Well, there was something right about that profound thought, and there still may be a place in the depths. One editor can furnish evidence with statistics to prove that Carmel, for instance, is not thoughtful; that Carmel and Pacific Grove are hardly alive and certainly not progressive. Election returns bear him out. But our idea is to try again, for the tip top and see. And some of us will make the experiment, not with our own thoughts, but with those of the town. That's why the paper is named CONTROVERSY. "We" will print the offerings off any minds on or off the Peninsular, no matter how right or left they may be, and perhaps comment upon them, not impolitely. Maybe somebody or some mind will strike an interesting vein of hidden thought somewhere along this beautiful shore.

Noel Sullivan dropped in here last Sunday with a witty line picked out of an editorial in a country newspaper: "My country right or left."

This amusing, unmenacing political campaign in our golden state has made some good citizens see or show that they don't really believe in a "good man for governor"—or for any other office. Another campaign or two or three and they may see or show what it is they really are for. No one could tell them that now. They would only be shocked and justly insulted.

That slogan—"good man for mayor or governor"—has rung out over this country for generations and Upton Sinclair may explode it. He's certainly a good man. Who cares? We prefer the "bad man" we've got already. It's a chance to dig down and dig up that slogan by the roots. It has misled us long enough. It will take, not an individual, not even a whole ticket of idealists—it will take a large, a well-disciplined, often purged, majority party to do what Sinclair proposes. He knew that once upon a time. Indeed, there was a time when he tried to make me see that. And yet I couldn't put it over on his sincere mind when I told him a week ago or so that I was going to vote, not for him but for the Communist Party, a young and a very small party in this state. It will require a lot of work and a lot more "good business" to make the Communist Party a power but Capitalism will furnish the facts and the incentive and the Communist leaders and the police are providing the discipline which Epic lacks.

A musician—and I mean a musician—asked, wondering, "why painting was the most backward of the arts?" The most Republican, I would say; the most conservative, and I am wondering if it's because the language of colors and lines is understood. It certainly is true that music, which is often Boleshevik, is the least understood of our languages. You hear music saying to white audiences things so red that you look around for the police or the legionnaires.

There is one nice thing about the industry of Monterey: you can actually smell the inefficiency of it. Can't say that of Pacific Grove and Carmel. Or of New York. Only Chicago and Monterey.

—LINCOLN STEFFENS

TRUTH AND TRIPE

The election of Upton Sinclair will ruin the barber industry in California.—Joseph T. Haywood, past-president of the Master Barbers Association.

Under a state system insurance becomes a superfluity because the state has ample capital to cover its own losses.—Upton Sinclair.

There is in the human mind and heart something of the decency of the wild goose which, having once mated, is always faithful; never mates again if the mate dies.—Arthur Brisbane.

The only difference between a caprice and a life-long passion is that the caprice lasts the longest.—Oscar Wilde.

Upton Sinclair can do nothing for the unemployed. The good hearts of America will take care of the unemployed.—Louis Byington.

The best thing in our government civilization is the public school system and it is just as communistic in every feature and in every principle as the Soviet Union.—Senator Smith W. Brookhart.

I would rather be defeated in my congressional campaign than go to Washington with the certain knowledge that I had left my state and my city in the hands of an Upton Sinclair and what he represents.—Chauncey Tramuloto of San Francisco.

One couldn't possibly duplicate, even in celluloid, the extent of Cleopatra's lavishness.—Cecil B. de Mille.

Miss Dietrich has lost hundreds of thousands of dollars because of her unfailing loyalty to me.—Josef von Sternberg.

The state, its business and its people will be ruined if Sinclair is elected.—Charles H. Spinks.

The election of Sinclair will ruin the transient, traveling public business for the hotels.—John Jordan.

Voters of Russian extraction in the San Francisco Bay area will support the Merriam candidacy.—Captain Vladimir P. Velikoselsky.

What is needed is something to do for us spiritually what science has done for us intellectually and mechanically.—Chester H. Rowell.

One always wonders how a great man finds time to shave.

The people who are doing their jobs best seem to be having a very good time.

If things are going well at home why should a married man want to spend a year or two in the Antarctic?

IN THE POLITICAL AND FINANCIAL WORLD

EDITED by HAROLD L. MACK

Beneficial Suppuration—

We feel that any financial system that depends on the destruction of wanted goods and services as a means of restoring prosperity can never succeed.

At the present time there is a great commotion as to the coming state election. Politics is the all-important issue. Candidates are discussed and analyzed as to whether they are liberals or reactionaries. Do they comb their hair on the side, or do they eat hash? Have they a love for the Dear Peepul, or are they the tools of the interests? If the Dear Peepul would only stop to think, they would realize that these issues are merely smoke screens put forth to hide the only real issue that is of any importance. Politicians in themselves are relatively unimportant. Rather they are expensive toys, supported at great expense by the American people for the sake of saving the people from doing anything. In reality, politicians are either mouthpieces of an old established system, or sponsors of a new and untried one. If one goes deeply into the subject one knows that the financial economic system is the very heart and soul of our industrial and spiritual life.

To date the administration in Washington has dodged this issue. It has spent billions of money untangling the unimportant knots in our economic life, but has left severely alone the Gordian knot of financial control. When it reached this critical point, it put out a smoke-screen, hid the crucial tangle and ever since has been hoping against hope that somehow, some way, or by some miracle, the tangled threads would function as intended, and give back to the people the prosperity which the country's riches and inventive genius entitle them to. Unfortunately, no miracles have occurred. Regardless of the thickness of the smoke-screen, the Gordian knot still remains and all the untangling of the intermediate snarls has done nothing but leave the poor deluded pullers of the strings more confused and discouraged than ever before.

At the time of the Civil War it was considered by learned doctors that wounds must undergo what they called "beneficial suppuration" before they could heal. The fact that many of the wounded died while this beneficial suppuration was going on, was put down as an "act of God", as an inescapable fact, very similar to the supply and demand theory of financial economics. Hadn't it always taken place? Aren't we doctors learned men? Hadn't we been doctors for many years? How dare you question our wisdom! Of course it couldn't be stopped. Fortunately Pasteur and Lister didn't believe in this type of act of God. They proved by hard work, experiment and scientific study that it was plain dirt that was causing the beneficial suppuration. They proved that accidental healing could become positive healing and so today, a doctor who allowed a wound to become infected would be run out of his profession.

Not so with finance economics. According to their way of thinking, the return of prosperity must always be dependent on the result of the doubtful healing of economic fallacies. It can never result from scientific planning. Fortunately engineers and scientists have progressed beyond this type of superstitious thinking. They are able to figure the stress and strain of materials to the pound. They know that it is possible to build a bridge that will meet in the center every time, and not only once in a while by chance, and they know that it will carry the load for which it was built. They have increased their knowledge so that they can enlarge and rebuild this structure if they find it inadequate to meet the traffic demands made upon it, but financial economics says no. If the patient Prosperity gets well after a case of beneficial suppuration such as it is suffering from in an advanced stage at the present time, it will be due to an act of God. They can neither assist it to get well nor prevent it from suppurating. They have never before, therefore it must be a future impossibility, and so poor Humanity will continue to lie at the point of death because old Dr. Finance has failed to substitute the glory of scientific knowledge for obsolete superstition. The engineer, the scientist, the doctor have all advanced with open mind, working, studying, experimenting; suffering poverty and ridicule for the sake of Truth, but Doctor Economics, fat and lazy from easy living, refusing to take up the cross, and through sheer indolence and love of slothful power, remains the prime cause of man's continued bondage and recurrent epidemics.

One might form the impression from what I have just written that I am a violent radical, desirous of overthrowing all our accepted institutions, but if anyone has read this far and will have the patience to continue, I believe that they will find that such an impression is a mistaken one. While it is true that Doctor Finance is depending on beneficial suppuration to heal the wounds that prosperity will always be subject to, it does not mean that the old physician is totally without skill. In the many years that he has been in the saddle and has been handling the economic welfare of the people he has learned far more about his job than any amateur could. It is true he went on a spree after the war and entrusted his job to young assistants, who, with the impulsiveness of youth and the lack of balance which age brings, went completely haywire in their handling of the job. In the last few years he has learned plenty. He probably knows that now he must attend to business himself. He is far more capable, fat and lazy though he may be, than a plumber or author or politician could possibly be in handling his difficult job. The trouble is that he just stopped learning. He has not advanced with the time. While those in the other professions have gone ahead in sound knowledge, he is still living in the medieval ages.

Upton Sinclair is one of those sensitive but unbalanced humans who, seeing the rats in the house that is sheltering him, would burn it down to kill the rodents. He would destroy religion because of the frailities of a few of its adherents. His emotion and conceit destroy any value his good intentions may have, and allow him to prescribe most dangerous remedies with complete fanatical indifference to whether his lack of knowledge will kill or cure the patient. I feel sure that Mr. Sinclair would not atttempt to repair a piece of complicated machinery unless he knew just how it functioned. He might recognize that the machine was running badly, but if his

automobile began to sputter in the desert he would continue to nurse it along rather than tear it to pieces and leave himself stranded to die of heat and thirst. He would be humble in the presence of machinery, but in the presence of scientific finance he would destroy without any ability to rebuild. The funny part of it is that there are no pieces or machinery in the world that are in any way as important, as dangerous and as delicate as financial machinery, and yet we see every amateur ready to destroy its very foundations without the slightest justification for believing that they have, either by experience or training, any knowledge of its intricate inner workings, and if such an one is a good talker and a magnetic spellbinder, the dear Peepul will vote for him and let him plunge them into misery rather than listen to a scientific engineer who, from the very nature of his training, can seldom indulge in fairy tales.

All the strings on which the lives of the people of this world are strung pass through the Gordian knot of finance. The most important contribution to humanity that any man in public life can make will be to untie this knot so that action can be scientifically and positively related to reaction and not continue, as at present, to transform good intentions and deeds into foul warfare and inhuman cruelty.

I shall endeavor, in future articles, to penetrate the smoke screens that are continually put out by those in power. I shall not attempt to do this by depending on my own ideas. The columns of this paper are open to our readers so that as many sides to a question as possible may be brought out. It is not our purpose to attempt to prove a point through hatred and ridicule. We do not think these are the proper weapons to use. We prefer rather to think a thing through, as it were, and we feel that that can only be done by many minds observing from many angles and through controversy arriving at a conclusion which will stand the test of sound thought.

—H. L. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell Tompkins and son from Mount Vernon, N. Y., were recent guests at Pine Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dobbel and family have taken the Murphy cottage at 11th. and San Carlos streets for the winter. The young Dobbels have been entered in Sunset Sshool. Mr. Dobbel is connected with the mining engineering department at Stanford and will spend week-ends in Carmel with his family.

Book Review

EAST AND WEST. The Collected Short Stories of W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

It's perfectly hopeless for me to attempt to write anything you could coldly label "book review" about this collection of Maugham's short stories. I want to say merely, "This is a gorgeous book", and let it go at that. I'd much rather spend the time reading more and more Maugham than trying to write about it!

If, in packing books for moving, you have always picked out "Of Human Bondage" among the first novels that simply must go with you, then doubtless you've read many of the 30 stories in this collection and don't need to be told what fascinating reading awaits you. "Rain", of course, which leads off, is undoubtedly Maugham's best-known story, but the book contains others which provide just as delightful reading. "The Alien Corn", "The Book-Bag", "Before the Party", "Virtue"—well, that just won't do, I see, because I'll be naming the whole 30 in a minute! You might like the ones laid in the glamorous East better than the ones which take place in England, or vice versa. There is a fascination about those remote stations in Borneo and other far-flung corners of the earth, and the English gentlemen who dress meticulously for their solitary dinners each night in the jungle country. And yet, however vividly and brilliant Maugham paints the mystery of the East he mixes humor and tragedy, pathos and drab reality in such a marvelously skillful blend that you never for a moment question the simple truth of his tales. There is plenty of sentiment but no exaggerated sentimentality except where the character makes it himself—and heven knows the maudlinly sentimental are always with us, here in life as well as—I might say, almost more, than in books.

As a rule I object to collected works in one volume, simply for the physical discomfort of their bulkiness and weight. Sometimes, also, because I like only a few of an author's stories and could so well do without all the rest. But in "East and West" I wouldn't want to do without a single story, and would willingly overlook the size of the volume for the sake of the treasure it contains. There are 955 pages and not a dull one among them! Maugham is a distinctly quotable writer, so much so that it would be futile to pick out any particular lines as more brilliant and repeatable than any others. So this that I am giving you here I have chosen partly because it has stuck in my mind and partly because—oh well, at the moment I can't think of any bettte way to put a period to these few halting remarks on "East and West":

"Of course to read in this way as a habit is as reprehensible as doping, and I never cease to wonder at the impertinence of great readers who, because they are such, look down on the illiterate. From the standpoint of what eternity is it better to have read a thousand books than to have ploughed a million furrows?"

—D. C.

Edward Weston Prints

One of the greatest losses to the exhibitor of prints is the minor defects which the print suffers in traveling from Carmel, say, to the Berlin Museum, and back again. No longer can the print be sold as an unmarred flawless one, and yet to the naked eye it is often quite perfect.

Edward Weston, internationally famous photographer, whom Carmel has claimed as resident for almost six years now, has about 150 such prints, which have travelled to Brussels, Berlin, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, etc. They include portraits of Robinson Jeffers, prints of Weston's famous peppers, Point Lobos' rocks and trees—the best of the man's work during his stay in Carmel. Naturally, there are few duplicates.

Edward Weston once more, but for the last time, he says, is putting some 150 of his best prints which have traveled afar on sale at the Denny-Watrous gallery, beginning November 1. The sale price will be only $2 each.

Court Cases

Two cases of fraffic violations were disposed of the past week by Judge George L. Wood.

George L. Lamb of San Francisco was found guilty of reckless driving and fined $25.

Charles J. Bertrand of San Francisco was fined $2 for violating the parking ordinance.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Uzell are returning to the Monterey Peninsula to live. Mr. Uzell is connected with the Dodge agency in Monterey.

E. C. Converse is in Carmel for a short visit.

Choses de France

That France is facing great difficulties, as a result of the chaos of her political and economic situation of which the communists are taking advantage, difficulties that might challenge her very existence, that is what M. Doumergue, her aged First Minister, had the courage to state, in his first broadcast address to the whole nation.

Warning her that "socialism unifie" and "communisme," are exactly the same thing, he sees in the campaign for the devaluation of the franc, communistic manœuvres in order to establish the supremacy of the system.

He deeply regrets that faithful citizens who would dread even the idea of communism are naively falling into the snare.

It is a great error to believe, he says, that the tariff-barriers will fall through monetary manipulations. In this struggle, the franc soon reduced to zero will be the ruin of the country. What now is most needed to save the situation is a government invested with a real authority. The only practical way to realize this reform is to convoke without delay the two Chambers in Versailles with a view to vote the necessary constitutional modifications and innovations. Such an event has not occurred since Poincare in August 1926 demanded a measure for the salvation of the franc. He deplores that some functionaries, a minority of course, who enjoy a security unknown to the average citizen in this time of crisis, instead of serving the nation, are trying to bring her under subjection, and that the spectacle of disorders revealing her weakness, that came to a head in last February's riots, has jeopardized her old prestige.

If the country should give way into this subjection, it would soon be open to foreign invaders and the free democracy of France would sink in a terrible tragedy.

(L'Illustration, September 15)

How many among our non-medical readers know Lænnec, who discovered the modern method of auscultation in medicine? Not one in a thousand, we dare say. Thus intrepid workers of the earliest times, to whom men owe all discoveries and inventions, too often alas! sink into oblivion.

Medicine as a science, had remained stagnant since Hippocrates. Sickness was treated rather haphazardly until Lænnec put in the hands of the doctors a process of exploration and diagnostic that carried at once to perfection, revolutionized all pathology. This benefactor of humanity, a simple believer, as Pasteur was of the Catholic faith, had all possible successes and hardships, but the successes were always dearly paid for. Born in Brittany at the end of the eighteenth century, he was not the first to apply his ear to the breast of his patients. Many had done this before but without apparent results. The confusion of the noises perceived and the repugnance to a method that at this time shocked modesty were the reasons why physicians did not insist on it. But he, a keen observer, wanted to see, to hear, to find out everything, and consequently not at all discouraged, continued to pursue his investigations. It was an insignificant incident that suddenly aroused his creative imagination and led the way to his important discovery. Seeing some children scratching a beam with a pin, while some others were listening, their ears applied to the other end, he grasped the principle involved. He ran to the hospital, rolled his note-book, placed an end on the breast of the patient, laying his ear on the other end. The noises became precise. Lænnec had created the first stethoscope and laid the foundation of his imperishable monument "The Treatise on Medical Auscultation."

At last, September 15, he was given in his birthplace a sepulchre worthy of his genius and his character.

Emile Schreiber has been sent by "L'Illustration" to gather informations on Roosevelt policies and the NRA system. The relation of his investigations and his point of view will be of a great interest for the American readers.

"L'Illustration" is available at the Public Library.

—Jeanne Pirenne

'You and We' Editor Back in Carmel

Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Andrews are back in Carmel for the winter. Mrs. Andrews, known as Gertrude Nelson Andrews, is an aunt of Mrs. Zarah Lee Koepp, and the editor of the occasionally published "You and We" which has met with great success among those who have had the pleasure of being on its subscription list. Mrs Andrews' publication cannot be said to be professional; it is amateur and literally so when you consider the root of the word "amateur." Mr. Andrews handles the mechanical work and is also a contributor as is Mrs. Andrews' sister, Marie Nelson Lee. "You and We," which was started in Hollywood, has a general circulation throughout the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, who have been in Baltimore for the past two years, are living at San Carlos and Twelfth streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Douglas paid a visit Sunday to their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, in Oakland.

Helen Heavy has returned to make her home in Carmel after several months spent in Colorado and the east.

Mrs. Hilda W. Ford is in the *White Cap* cottage for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Laumeister have returned to their home in Carmel after a month's visit in Oregon.

Miss Anne Nash of the Garden Shop visited Miss Ruth Gabriel in San Francisco over the weekend.

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